

MUST LOVE THAT TYRANT

A Song fet by Mr. Robert King, the words
by the Author of this *Journal*.

Must Love that Ty-rant of the breast have all our Songs, have

Pierre-Antoine Motteux
1663 - 1718

Robert King
1676 - 1728

Cantus

1. Must Love that Ty - rant of the breast have all our Songs, have
2. For shame let's break the fee - ble bonds, and our old li - ber -

Bass

4

C

all our hours, whilst he a - lone dis - turbs our rest, and with his cares our
ty re - gain; Love a - gainst Rea - son sel - dom stands, when e're that sways its

B

8

C

hearts de-vours, and with his cares our hearts de-vours? No more let's blame ig -
pow'r is vain, when e're that sways its pow'r is vain. When man the price of

B

12

C

no - ble Souls who dote on ar - bi - tra - ry Pow'rs. Since cru - el Love our
free - dom known, Cu - pid is ea - si - ly out - brav'd. The bug-bear one - ly

B

16

C

wills con - trouls, yet all the world, yet all the world the Toy a - dores.
con - quers those who fond - ly seek, who fond - ly seek to be en-slav'd.

B

Source: The Gentlemen's Journal, or the Monthly Miscellany; April 1692, pg. 27-28.
Original in D-major. The lyrics are by the Editor of the journal.